

THE GREAT KICKAPOO INDIAN REMEDIES.



INDIAN SAGWA,

INDIAN OIL.

INDIAN WORM KILLER.

25251
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PRELUDE.

I am Chieftain of the Nation
Of the Kickapoos; and station,
High as mine, is indication
Of a purpose high and grand!

With the Indian Sagwa dealing,
And the Indian Oil so healing,
Indian Worm Killer revealing,
Come I to the white man's land!



CANTO THE FIRST.

Once a maiden had the mumps, sir,
And her face it was a sight ;
Both her cheeks were awful lumps, sir,
And she truly was a fright !

Doctors came, and all assured her
That her fate was manifest ;
Indian came, and quickly cured her
With the Indian Sagwa blest !



Dreadful dropsy dragged a duchess
Down the depths of dire distress ;
Grew, did she, while in its clutches,
Bigger than a cider press !

And her " tootsies," once so winning,
Grew to fill a twenty shoe ;
Indian Sagwa had its inning—
Now she wears a number two !



With the chills, and with the fever,
Uncle Ned was quite used up ;
Thinner grew than butcher's cleaver,
Or a fancy greyhound pup !

But the Sagwa, health-infolder,
Met and tackled Uncle Ned ;
Rotund as an office-holder
Soon he grew from sick abed !



Dreadful gout had harnessed Wigger,
Who would take his frequent dram;
Bigger grew his toe, aye, bigger
Than a Cincinnati ham !

With his foot upon a pillow,
Sat the victim poor of gout ;
But the chieftain, Umadillo,
With the Sagwa, " knocked it out !"



Shadkins, and his wife named Cafta,
Suffering from ailments sore,
Hanged themselves across a rafter,
Thus to reach the "golden shore!"

But the chieftain to the dwelling
Came, and saw and cut them down ;
With the Sagwa he was selling
Filled them up and "did them brown."



Hypochondriac was Jarrid,
Thought he was an elephant,
And a trunk he ever carried,
Though it made him puff and pant!

But a single, single bottle
Of the Sagwa—draught of peace!—
Poured adown his willing throttle,
Brought him down to a valise!



CANTO THE SECOND.

A yellow East India tycoon,
Once fought with a brindle baboon ;
He was knocked quickly out in three
 rounds, or about,
As dead, they all thought, as the moon.

The Indian Oil chieftain " Fair Hand,"
Was trailing along through the land ;
And he rubbed the tycoon with the Oil,
 and quite soon
He danced a live jig on the sand !



There was an old man of Duluth,
Who, wishing to get at the truth,
Dived into a well, as the chronicles tell,
And bruised himself badly, forsooth !

He battered his nose and his chin,
And barked most severely his shin ;
But the great Indian Oil, which all bruises
will foil,
Soon brought him a wholly new skin.



A gent, who was one of Siam's
Best citizens, had the jimm-jams
Clear up to the hub ; and made a hubbub
By driving two sacred black rams !

His head was cut off by the king,
Delighting in that sort of thing,
But the Indian Oil man, with a two gallon
can,
Restored the man's head, as they sing !



A lady who lived in Calcutta,
Was just too exceedingly utter ;
Yet as red was her hair as a fox anywhere,
And, heavens and earth, how she'd
stutter !

Alas, for this lady, named Hoyle,
Her nose grew a wonderful boil ;
As her hair 'twas as red, and as big as a
sled,
Yet cured by the great Indian Oil.



A snake bit a bitter old maid,
Her heel was the place of the raid,
And her foot it swelled up like a New-
foundland pup,
When down she kerflummuxed and
prayed !

The Indian Oil man said he'd take
The poison right out in a shake ;
And he did, I can tell, the old maid get-
ting well ;
The snake ? oh, the bite killed the snake !



Cried Dutchy, "Mein hairs haf growed
oud
More dhin as nein hairs vas, aboud ;
More as dhin as der bier dot dhey meket
'boud here,
Und whère I shall got him do sbroud?"
The chieftain, with Oil good and strong,
Rubbed Dutchy's bald head, right or
wrong ;
Very soon grew the hair, thick as that of
a bear,
And full forty-four inches long !



CANTO THE THIRD.

Oh, what are the mermothers saying,
The waves with their tresses a-playing?
I'll tell you, no longer delaying:
"Supreme is the Indian Worm Killer!"

Far down on the ranches of Texas,
In swamp-lands of Skootookomexas,
In cities of eastern Silexas,
Sing mothers of Indian Worm Killer.



A child had the worms and would double
All up in a heap with her trouble ;
With joy doth the mother now bubble,
The worms were knocked out by Worm
Killer.

A young and most beautiful daughter,
By worms driven on to self-slaughter,
Jumped into a pail of cold water—
Was saved by the Indian Worm Killer.



A tape-worm, exceedingly taper,
Full forty rods long, said the paper,
From out a girl's mouth in New Draper,
Was forced by the Indian Worm Killer!

A woman once swallowed a lizard,
While drinking, and fancied a blizzard
Was racking and whacking her gizzard,
Knocked out was the liz by Worm Killer.

To the truth of all these thrilling narratives I swear—by
gosh!

A. T.'s Son.

'Round the World in 40 Minutes!

A POEM IN THREE CANTOS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON'S SON.